



**Unknown**

Betsy the Cow Adventures  
A Collection of short stories  
Book: 1  
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**Note:**

**5 stars = A change of narrator**

**10 = A new day**

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# A Find For The Ages:

Betsy the cow lay grazing in a meadow, located between the trees of a large forest. The sun shone down in the morning sky making the small droplets of water on each piece of grass look like tiny, sparkling diamonds.

Betsy took the diamonds into her mouth and chomped down on them. Full, she looked up and sighed. Her life was so boring she thought. She needed some excitement.

She picked herself up off of the ground, and took to the trees. She followed a small line of winding dirt through the forest to a place she did not know.

She continued walking the path for an hour. Just as she was ready to make her way back to the meadow, she saw an opening through the trees. Curious she trotted towards the gap, and emerged to a sight she would never forget.

Right before her very eyes was a monster of metal pieces joined together to form a big piece of art. What the contraption was she had no idea. There was at least two of them that she could see. One laid directly in front of her, behind a gate, and surrounded by walls.

She broke into a gallop towards the open gate. She galloped through and towards the big metal contraption. She stopped before a ramp leading up to a platform, and gaped in wonder at the monstrous machine.

'What could it be?' she thought as she examined the many loops turns and corkscrews it made.

Once again, curiosity took control of her, and she took off up the ramp.

On the platform was a podium, with a bunch of levers and buttons on top of it. In front of the podium, was a line of bullet shaped seats on top of what looked like train tracks.

Quickly she grabbed a metal pipe leaning up by a door, and climbed into one of the bullets. She pulled a bar down and reached out with the pole to hit a green button on the podium.

"Welcome to The Bullet. The worlds fastest roller coaster. Please pull down your safety bar, then sit back and enjoy the ride. "

"A Roller coaster?" Betsy wondered aloud.

"5... 4... 3... 2... 1..."

Suddenly the coaster took off at 130 miles an hour. Betsy felt like she was flying, twisting, turning, and flipping. All to soon, she found herself back at the platform.

"Welcome back. Please step out to your left. Join us again soon!"

"That was amazing!" Betsy screamed.

After bringing her few belongings from the meadow to the "Amusement Park" as the sign above the gate read, Betsy went back to the roller coaster, where she would ride the machine time and time again.

Or so she thought....

# The End of The Ride:

It came to pass that Betsy began her 20th day on the roller-coaster. Little did she know she was being watched.

Across the amusement park, riding up and down with his hand on his cud, he sat staring at betsy while riding the tower of horror.

"That cow is having to much fun," said Bernard, the one on the tower. 'Time to spoil the fun,' thought Bernard.

Bernard exited the tower and made his way towards the supply shed looking for a tool to disassemble the roller-coaster and send Betsy to her doom. Bernard found his weapon of choice lying, propped up against the corner of the supply shed. A chain-saw.

Bernard tromped over to the chain-saw and picked the tool up in his hooves. He tested the weight of the chain-saw, and pulled the rip cord. But to no avail. Bernard, wondering what the problem was, checked the gas chamber.

"No Gas!" Bernard exclaimed furiously. Calming down, he asked himself aloud, "what am I to do?"

Bernard looked around the supply shed for a tank of gas. His eyes spotted the next best thing, a lawn mower.

Bernard dumped the gas out of the lawn mower, through a funnel, and into the gas chamber of the chain-saw.

For the second time, Bernard pulled the rip cord. The soft purr of the beast roared to life. "Party time!" Bernard said menacingly.

Bernard walked out the door and looked towards the roller-coaster. The cow continued to ride her coaster of joy.

Bernard was beneath the roller-coaster now and was about to pull the rip cord when he heard a voice from behind him.

"Drop the chain-saw cow," said a flatango who was at the head of

the army.

Bernard was in disbelief as he stared at the AK-47 holding the body of the flamingo upright. "And who might you be?" he asked calmly.

"I am Mr. Swan, The leader of the flatangos," he said coldly. "And you are hamburger meat." He smiled as a snicker was released from the rest of his army.

"Yes well, if you don't mind, I have some business to attend to," Bernard said ignoring the snickering. He whipped out his chain-saw and pulled the ripcord. He made a move towards the roller-coaster right before he hit the ground.

"What did you do?!" Screamed Betsy as she came by on the roller-coaster.

"Ignore the cow men," said Mr. Swan. "Our work here is done." Mr. Swan and his team of flatangos turned and left the amusement park.

Later when Betsy got off the ride, Bernard's body had disappeared. But where it was, she had no idea.

# The Rise of a New Kingdom:

Bernard's body was gone, Betsy still had no idea what was going on, or a clue where Bernard's body was. 'What to do,' she thought. She thought long and hard before coming to a decision. Betsy took one last walk up the path to the roller-coaster. She went over to her bag and searched through it. Satisfied with the objects she pulled out, she began to put them on.

First a shirt, made of chains closely linked together, with hardly enough space to fit a piece of paper through. She had no idea the purpose for it, but thought it looked cool, and must serve some purpose. Second, she pulled on a cape, blue with a white S inside a red triangle, yet again she had no idea what it meant. Lastly, she took out a Robin Hood hat, and plopped it on her head.

"Done," she said aloud while looking in a mirror. No, one more thing she decided. She pulled out her teddy bear to carry on the journey as well.

She had made up her mind, she was going to find, and save Bernard. She took off in the direction she had seen the flatangos leave, in pursuit of her friend.

About three hours later, Betsy started to become discouraged. She had been following the same footsteps and calling out Bernards name for over three hours she thought. Where could he be? She continued on another twenty steps then turned into a forest. Following the footprints, she continued.

Soon she came to a clearing. In the clearing she saw draped behind huge cement walls, a kingdom. She stood gaping at the monstrosity until she was interrupted.

"Intruder!" Yelled a flatango from atop the walls.

Betsy looked up, 'this is it,' she thought. 'This must be where Bernard is! Why else would they yell intruder?' Soon after she finished

the thought, bullets rained down on her, nearly confirming her suspicion.

Scared out of her mind, Betsy jumped towards a large boulder for cover. Halfway through the jump, she realized she wasn't going to make it. Just then, a gust of wind hit her cape and lifted her forward, just enough to get her behind the boulder.

Behind the boulder Betsy found pebbles which she would use for ammunition. Throwing one after another, she watched as each time a new flatango would crumple down off the walls.

Soon all of the flatangos had dropped, and Betsy galloped towards the wall. She started climbing as fast as possible. As she got over the wall, she looked down to see Bernard being carried by a group of flatangos up to the castle of the newly found kingdom. "I'll save you," she said aloud, as she took off towards the stairs, and off the wall.

# A Meeting With Some Old Friends:

Betsy had taken off down the steps in a hurry. Those flatangos were not going to hurt her friend! As she galloped down the steps many heads turned to look at the cow who had just climbed over the wall of the flatango city. Conversations started among the flatango's about their new guest.

Betsy ignored the clamor and turned the corner next to Mr. Peacock's Supermarket and looked up the street in search of Bernard. The army of flatangos were dragging him down the street, and making their way through the gate into Mr. Pelican's castle.

"I'm coming for you!" She said aloud to herself as she went into the pawn shop entitled Mr. Pidgeon's Pawn Shop. She walked up to the counter and dinged a bell.

Out of a room in the back came a flatango who she guessed was Mr. Pigeon. He raised an eyebrow as he saw the cow at the front desk waiting. "What can I do for you..."

"Betsy," she said shyly.

"Aww, How can I help you Betsy?"

"I need a weapon, and some ammunition."

"Do we now? And what would you like?

"The best in your arsenal," she replied.

"Alright, how about this?" He asked. "It's a two tone Sig Sauer 226," he explained. "It's a semi-automatic, pretty light, and has amazing accuracy."

Betsy took the Sig in her hands, and weighed it. "Perfect!" She said, "can I get five magazines, and two boxes of ammo for it?"

"You sure could," Mr. Pigeon said, his eyes lighting up. He typed it all into his cash register and pulled them out of a cabinet behind him. "Your total comes to 2,145 dollars."

Betsy slid a card across the table. Mr. Pigeon slid it through the card reader and Betsy sign a few papers, then he sent her on her way. On her way out Betsy grabbed the free holster she received for spending over two grand, and slid the pistol in. "Lets get started..." she sighed.

She went across the street to Mr. Peacock's supermarket. She went to the gardening section, and bought a shovel. Next she went to the outside of Mr. Pelican's castle. She started digging.

She had decided that she would dig a trench with walls built up on each side to protect her when the day of the battle came.

Betsy stood looking at the job laid out before her, dreading the long days ahead. reluctantly, Betsy pushed the shovel into the soft dirt surrounding the pond by the castle. "One down, only about six-thousand left," she said to herself.

She got to work, pushing and lifting the shovel over and over again. At midday she put the shovel down in the hole, wiped the sweat from her forehead, then headed back towards the supermarket.

First she picked out a good barbecue then some hot-dogs. She also got her self some wood, a saw, nails, a hammer, and a refrigerator.

When she got to the counter Betsy became real happy she had taken some money from the amusement park. The total price came to \$3,800. Betsy wheeled the cart back to her trench and cooked the hot-dogs. She would need all the energy she could get for what laid ahead.

After eating, Betsy brought the wood and other construction supplies she had bought over to the edge of the castle pond. She got to wok on building a water mill to power her refrigerator and lamps.

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Several hours later at 8:00 Betsy put the tools down, she was halfway through building the water mill, and guessed it would be done by noon the next day. Right now however, she was hungry, and more than that, she was thirsty.

Betsy took to the forest, just to the east of her new camp, in search of firewood. She brought her Shopping cart with her, to store the firewood in.

Betsy walked around the outskirts of the forest for about five minutes before deciding where to enter. The forest was so thick she was having a hard time finding a clear path. Never the less, Betsy entered through an opening, and began to chop at the branches and trees with her axe.

She continued chopping, until she heard some leaves rustle behind her. Scared and nervous, she turned the shopping cart around and left the forest. Betsy returned to her base and laid the logs down in the pit of rocks and dirt she had built. She took a match and lit some dead grass in the pit, which quickly caught and the whole pit came to life. Betsy stepped back as the furious flames reached towards the sky.

Satisfied with her fire building skills Betsy snatched up a metal bucket and filled it with water at the ponds edge. She returned the bucket to the fire and hung it on a wooden beam she had built to boil it.

As the water heated Betsy laid back and looked at the stars , she could have sworn she could see Bernard in them. She sat there for a while until she heard the water coming to a boil. She walked over and took the bucket off the post to allow the water to cool.

While she waited on the water, Betsy took some marshmallows and roasted them over the open flames. Betsy ate and drank in peace, before falling off to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betsy awoke to the firing of rifles from the castle walls signaling it was eight o'clock. Immediately she got to work on the water

mill forgetting breakfast.

At midday Betsy threw her hammer into the dirt in a victory screech, as the water mill began to turn, and the refrigerator began to refrigerate.

"Nobody is going to stop Betsy the cow!" She yelled.

She got herself something to eat, then got to work on the trench. She made the last shovelful of dirt then began molding the walls on the outside.

Three hours later, Betsy was done! It was now 8:30, and almost completely dark. She quickly got some food in her, then drifted off to sleep, excited yet nervous for the next day.

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Again the guns fired, waking Betsy from her slumber. She arose, and went to Mr. Pigeon's Pawn Shop to get some final supplies. She walked out with five more magazines, and two more packs of bullets for her Sig. She was not going to take any chances that she might run out of ammo.

Betsy returned to her base and made her final preparations. She stored the bullets in a hole on the trench's wall. Then she took the canteen from her neck. She went to the barbecue and poured some gas from the tank. She sealed the canteen, then lit a match. She held the match to the strap of the canteen, and the animal hide material caught fire.

Betsy let half the strap burn, then pulled back her arm, and threw the canteen at the wall. It landed by a flatango's feet, who looked down and opened his beak to yell. To late, the gas caught fire, and an explosion sent white stone flying every which way.

Immediately flatango guards ran to the site of the explosion to try and make sense of what had just happened. They were met with the gunfire of Betsy's Sig Sauer, as she unloaded a whole magazine on them. Flatango after flatango hit the stone floor.

"How did that feel kidnappers?" Betsy yelled as she loaded another magazine.

"Shoot the cow!" yelled the voice of a familiar figure. Mr. Swan came running up the stairs flipping his AK-47 off of his leg, and bringing it to his arm.

Seconds later, a rain of fire hit the large walls of Betsy's trench. She trotted over to the edge, and let three bullets go. She dropped two flatangos, but narrowly missed Mr. Swan.

"Give it up cow! Your outnumbered, you can't win!" Yelled Mr. Swan as he let bullets fly from his gun.

"We will see about that," Betsy shouted back.

"Yes we shall..." Mr. Swan snarled under his breath.

Betsy dropped another two flatangos with her trusty Sig, narrowly avoiding the bullets from Mr. Swan as he turned away and ran down the stairs out of sight.

'What could he be doing?' Betsy thought. Before she could come up with an answer another volley of bullets rampaged against the dirt wall.

Betsy turned and fired two shots. Two birds tumbled off the wall. Betsy peeked around the corner searching for her next target, when the gate of the Castle started lowering, coming out of the gate was a tank.

Betsy's eyes lit up with horror as she stared at the beast. Mr. Swan rose from the tank and yelled to her, "Still think you can win cow?"

Betsy didn't answer him, she just thought to her self, 'I can try.'

Mr. Swan smirked to himself, then went back down in the tank. He fired two shots with the cannon.

Betsy squealed as she watched all of her hard work towards the water mill go down the drain. Splinters of wood flew everywhere, embedding into the dirt wall.

"Come out and make this quick."

Betsy put the gun into its holster. Another shot from the cannon sounded. She took off.

She was nearly invisible, protected by the cloud of dirt sent up from the blow of the cannon. She charged past the tank and into the castle. She continued running, as she heard the sound of the cannon turning, further into the castle she went approaching a turn. The cannon sounded, and Betsy dove behind the wall. The wall in front of her smashed into pieces. She got up and continued running.

"Get back here!"

"In your dreams," Betsy mumbled as she galloped down the road, and towards the prison block.

She took the gun out of its holster as she threw open the door to the prison block.

"Bernard?" She screamed gun raised.

At the far end of the block, a cow rose off a bed and stared at Betsy. Betsy ran down the line of cells, and shot the lock off of Bernard's cell. "Come on," she said, "we're gonna get you out of here."

Bernard stared at her, "why? I tried to wreck your roller coaster... Why would you help me?"

"You're the only other cow I know, and I'm not about to lose you."

Bernard didn't need any more explaining, he was just happy to get out of the dreary place. He nodded at her, "You lead the way."

Betsy smiled, "stay close," she warned.

They took off back down the long hall and arrived at the door. Betsy let four bullets go, and looked through the holes, no one. She threw the door open, and they took off. She shot down six more flatangos before she finally dropped a rope.

"You first," she yelled, "I'll cover you."

Bernard grabbed hold of the rope and slid down. Betsy followed and they galloped out of town. Four hours later they arrived back at the amusement park. Betsy Stopped at the entrance and looked around.

"Home sweet home," she said as she took off towards the roller coaster to store her things.

# Defenders of Home:

Betsy sat in the front car of the roller coaster, thinking over what she had to do. She knew she had made the flatangos mad, and she knew they would want revenge, especially Mr. Swan. That meant they would be coming back to her amusement park soon.

There was only one solution she could think of. She would spend the next few days making defenses, and she would have Bernard set out for supplies.

Slowly, Betsy lifted herself out of the roller coaster, and started walking down to the movie theater to find Bernard. Since they had arrived, Bernard had really come to like the movie theater, he loved how the people, and objects, popped out at him.

Sure enough when Betsy arrived, there he was in the middle row, with his big ugly glasses on, staring intently at the screen.

"Bernard..." Betsy said as she walked down the aisle towards him, "Bernard!" She called again.

"What?!" He said, "Your interrupting the movie!"

"We are most likely to be invaded within the next few days, and your worried about missing part of a movie?" Betsy screamed after a moment.

"It's a good movie alright..." He paused, "You want some popcorn?"

"No I don't want popcorn! I don't want to watch the movie either!" She yelled anticipating his next question. "Come on we have work to do."

"Ok, It has 5 minutes left."

Angered, Betsy turned and walked up to the sound booth. She searched around, then, finding the button she wanted, she pressed stop.

"It's over," she said, "Now lets go."

Betsy and Bernard walked back up to the roller coaster. Betsy sat

Bernard down in the coaster, and wheeled a white board out in front of him. On it she had a map of the amusement park.

"So my guess is they will come in about 3-4 days. In that time we need to build up our defenses, and get as many allies as possible." She explained.

"Here, where we are at, I'm thinking should be our command post. It is high up, there is only two entry points, and we have a safe zone near by. The spaceship ride."

"I have already disabled the ride, so that now all it does is open and close the doors, and provide air..." Confirmed Bernard.

"Over the next few days I am going to build more defenses, and set everything up for the battle. I want you to head out and get as much supplies as possible. Mainly guns, food for if we have to go into the safe, and ammunition."

"You can send the food, along with the bigger weapons by mail while you continue to get more. Any questions?"

"One," Bernard said leaning back in the roller coaster and scratching his cud. "How long do I have to do this?"

"I want you back in three days, with as many pistols and machine guns as you can carry."

"Do you want me to ship you back any ammo?"

"I have four magazines and three boxes of ammo, so I should be fine. Anymore questions?"

"Nope, I think that's about it," he replied. "I suppose you want me to get going?"

"Yes, if you would."

"Alright... I'll see you in a few days then."

"Good luck, hurry back," she begged.

"I will. Keep yourself safe."

Betsy nodded as Bernard started trotting away towards the outside world. With one last look, she turned around and walked towards the supply shed. She grabbed a tool belt with wrenches, hammers, saws, and whatever else she could find.

Next Betsy went over to another ride, The Adrenaline Rush roller coaster. She began dismantling it. She would use the pieces to build walls to protect herself for the battle. This was about all she would do for the next few days. She was going to do anything to save her home.

Betsy spent the rest of the first day, dismantling the ride, and stacking the pieces near the main gate. She finished it at 9:00, and headed to the roller coaster to eat before she went to bed for the day.

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The next day Betsy got to work immediately, building the walls behind the gate. She built them like a log cabin, making it three layers deep.

By 5:00 she had finished two layers of walls, and had a large package waiting for her from Bernard. She decided to wait on the third layer to the walls, and opened the package. Laying on the top of some styrofoam was a letter.

**Betsy,**

**Here is a gun I found. It is stationary and I was thinking you could put it on the roller coaster and shoot it from there. I have also included quite a bit of ammo with it.**

**You hold one strand and feed it into the gun to fire it. It shoots super fast, I think you will**

**like it. I am going to do some more searching today, and I'll head home tomorrow.**

**See you soon,**

**Bernard**

After she finished reading the letter, Betsy hoisted the box into her arms, and carried it up to the roller coaster. She found what she thought would be a good look out point, and set the gun up. Keeping the strands of bullets in a small box next to it. Then exhausted, she went to bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betsy awoke the next day, and headed down to the gate. She finished the third walls and began building other walls at random throughout the city, marking where they were on her map.

When she felt good about the number of walls set up, she began to make a flag, saying on it, "Amusement of Betsy, and Bernard the cow" with a crude drawing of a cow in the background. When she had finished and raised the flag, it was 6:30, and she still had no sign of Bernard being anywhere near.

Worried, Betsy slept, readying herself for the next day.

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Betsy woke early the next day, and began to pack her weapon and ammunition. She put the Sig Sauer, she had bought in the flatango's kingdom, into its holster, and slinged it around her. She then threw on her cape and chained shirt. She put packs of bullets, and magazines into straps on the chained shirt.

Ready, she headed to the wall and took her place next to the flag awaiting the arrival of the flatango army which she could see in the distance.

Betsy waited, the wind whipping the flag and her cape around. In the distance, she saw the dust being kicked up as the army marched forward towards her and her home.

As the army got closer, Betsy could see a smile on Mr. Swan's face as he stared up at the cow. She saw him as he began to laugh. Suddenly the whole army began to run towards Betsy. They flipped their guns off of their legs, and began flying. They let bullets soar.

Betsy gasped as she dove down behind the wall. She had no idea the flatangos could fly. Suddenly a flatango appeared above her. She shot two bullets bringing the bird down. She grabbed the fallen AK-47, and threw a rope over the ledge, she jumped down and started running.

Her wall was of no use now, she knew that, In-fact, none of her walls mattered. She ran towards the Jungle Jape ride to hide inside behind all of the trees, and bars of the ride. She knew her only chance was to get the flatangos on the ground.

The sliding door opened, and she ran and crouched behind a large bush. She waited a few minutes and a small group of five flatangos entered.

"Split up and search the room," One commanded.

The rest of the flatangos did as they were told, they headed out to look for Betsy. Before the could get to far apart, Betsy let all of the bullets in the AK-47 fly. All five flatangos fell.

She pulled out her sig, and began forward, wanting to get to the roller coaster. As the door opened she fired three bullets dropping the same number of flatangos in their search group. She ran down the road then ran up the ramp of the roller coaster, she could see all of the flantangos now. She fed a string of bullets in, and began firing the large gun.

The whole army looked up, and began running towards the ride, Betsy kept them at bay firing round after round from the new machine gun.

She was really starting to have some fun when a voice came from behind her.

"Step away from the gun cow."

Betsy turned and looked at the flatango.

"I can't tell you how long we have been waiting for this. You have killed a lot of my friends."

Betsy didn't respond, she was too scared to open her mouth.

"Any last words?" He asked.

"No," She gulped. Then closed her eyes as she heard a gunshot.

"Not sure their my last words, but seya," said the voice of Bernard, as he began to step up the rest of the path.

"Bernard!" Betsy cried as she ran towards him and embraced him.

"Come on," he said, "We need to get out of here."

They began back down the ride. Shooting down as many flatangos as they saw on their way. As they reached the bottom, five groups of ten flatngos each ran at them,

"Quick, open the door!" Betsy yelled as she fired a whole magazine of bullets. The door opened, and out rang a voice from the army.

"If you make and attempt to run in, you will be killed." Said Mr. Swan emerging from the army.

Bernard turned around.

"Now, my dear friends," Mr. Swan laughed, "Would you care to join me?"

"We will never do anything for you!" Betsy yelled in disgust. Mr. Swan began laughing again.

In her ear Bernard whispered, "When I say now, dive into the

room." Betsy nodded understanding.

"Do not whisper Cow!" Mr. Swan yelled furiously.

"Now!" Yelled Bernard, pressing the button with one hand, and grabbing the gun from Betsy's holster, with the other, providing cover fire as they both dived in.

"Shoot them!" Screamed Mr. Swan

The last thing both Betsy and Bernard saw before the door closed was the bullets as they flew towards them, slamming into the door.

There was a click, and the titanium room locked.

# Escape Plans:

"That was a close one," Bernard gasped releasing all of his air.

"Tell me about it," Betsy replied.

"How long do you think we can stay in here?"

"Two days tops. And I assume they are going to wait."

"Is there anything in here that could help us get out?" Bernard questioned.

"The only thing I can think of is the Space ship back there. We could get it to fly with some of the gadgets around here, then head out."

"Well first, lets get something to eat," He said grabbing a tub of yogurt from the near by refrigerator.

The room was big. Where the waiting area used to be, was now a table, some chairs, a fully operational kitchen, and computers hooked up to camera's outside so they could see what the Flatangos were doing.

In the back was the ride, along with a bunch of tools, and some spare parts.

"So where did you get all the yogurt?" Bernard asked.

"I made it..."

"It's good!" He said between spoonfuls. "Oh, here's your gun." He got up and handed the Sig to her.

She took it, tossed it around a bit, then shot a bullet into the wall. Bernard jumped.

"Why did they even have to show up? Why did any of this have to happen?" She moaned.

Bernard sighed then put the yogurt down. "Don't worry, we'll get through this. You will get the amusement park back."

"We'll see," she said. She got up and walked over to the computer monitors.

She smirked as she saw them bringing her big machine gun down the roller coaster and presumably to their safe house.

"I have a feeling they aren't just going to wait..."

"Why is that?" Bernard said, stuffing his mouth with yogurt again.

"Well they are about to shoot the door with your machine gun."

"Will the door hold?"

"It should," she sighed, "I still think we should take turns sleeping tonight."

"If you say so," He finished off the yogurt, and walked over to the computers. "You sleep first. You could probably use it a little more than me."

"If you say so," she went and plopped herself down on the bed.  
"Night."

"Night."

The next three hours were extremely boring for Bernard. All the flatangos were doing was shooting at the door.

Finally he got so bored he stopped watching and began playing games on the internet. Soon it was four A.M. and he woke Betsy up. They switched places, and now Betsy started her boredom. She too began playing games eventually, until Bernard woke up.

"Good morning," she said.

"Morning," Bernard yawned.

"Ready to get started?"

"You bet!"

So they went to the back and began working on their escape pod. Before long, Bernard complained that he was hungry and went to get some more yogurt.

"Will you ever stop thinking about your stomach?"

"Hey, I can't work on an empty stomach."

"I'm sure," Betsy mumbled rolling her eyes. "Get over here and start working on the computers."

"Fine..." Bernard took one last spoonful of yogurt, and went to the work bench to grab a torch wrench, "I love these things!" He exclaimed.

"You would..." Betsy sighed.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Forget it, come hold this missile here."

Bernard walked over and held the large missile up while Betsy mounted it to the underbelly of the ship.

"Need anything else?"

"Go check on Mr. Swan and his friends please." She asked.

"On it." Bernard walked over to the computer monitors. "Will this thing hold up to some bombs?"

"It should, why?"

"Because they are about to try it."

Betsy snickered. "They can't get in..."

"You positive?"

"One hundred percent."

"Alright then, what do you want me to work on?"

"Get started on the engine."

Bernard go to work. Both Betsy and Bernard worked on the escape pod, until late that night. They felt they had finished it, and decided to test it out and see if they could make their escape the next day.

"Alright," Betsy said, "Time for the moment of truth."

She got into the front seat, and closed the cockpit. She put her helmet on and powered on the plane. The many screens and lights in the cockpit flickered to life. She saw Bernard cheering outside.

She flipped a few switches and pressed 5% on the touch screen. The jet engines shot fire out the back, and the aircraft lifted two yards off the ground.

Bernard started jumping and screaming. Betsy let out a squeal of joy. She pushed 0% and the plane touched back down. She turned it off and climbed out. "Woohoo! I told you we would get the Amusement Park back!" Bernard said as she got out.

She smiled and said, "lets go to bed."

"Agreed," Bernard said yawning.

They laid down, and started sleeping. Tomorrow they would take back their home.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betsy woke early the next morning, and made a small breakfast for her and Bernard. They ate in silence, then walked over to the aircraft.

"Here we go," Bernard said.

"Here we go," Betsy agreed.

They climbed in and put their helmets on.

"You ready?" Betsy said over the intercom.

"I was born ready," Bernard said smirking. "I've always wanted to say that in a dramatic moment!"

Betsy rolled her eyes and opened the hatch of their safe house, up they went.

\*\*\*\*\*

He heard a sliding door open. He had no idea where it came from. For a few seconds anyway. Suddenly a large ship rose from the safe house.

"What the?" Mr. Swan asked himself. Seconds later, a missile split from the underbelly of the plane and came speeding towards him. He took to the air. "Scramble!" He yelled to his remaining soldiers.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Bingo Bango," Bernard yelled as the missile exploded.

As the smoke cleared they saw Mr. Swan flying for cover.

"How does he always survive?" Betsy yelled.

"Who cares, let him run. Take us to the left."

Betsy turned the plane, and Bernard opened fire with the gatling gun at the two flatangos who were firing at them with their AK-47's.

"Cha ching," Bernard said as the two birds hit the ground.

Betsy flipped around in a loop, and Bernard fired down 15 more flatangos.

"That must of hurt," Bernard said over his com as a flatango hit his windshield full speed, and fell to the ground it a ball of feathers. They couldn't see many more, and Betsy began a scouting of the entire park.

\*\*\*\*\*

How the cow had gotten hold of such technology was a mystery to Mr. Swan, but he wasn't about to leave until he made sure she had it no

longer.

He found a chain-saw in a supply closet. And hid inside a cage in the Zoo with the flamingos. It worked perfectly, Betsy and the other cow flew right by him.

As they flew past he flew up right beneath them, and waited. They flew past him a bit, and he threw the chain-saw into the jet engine. The engine blew up, and the aircraft flew towards the ground.

\*\*\*\*\*

"The right engine is down!" Bernard screamed.

"I can tell!" Betsy screamed trying to keep the plane in the air,  
"What happened?"

"Mr. Swan..." He didn't get to finish. The plane hit the ground.

Betsy rose pulling the Sig Sauer from her holster and firing blindly, but it was of no use. Mr. Swan was already flying out of the Park.

She turned and looked for Bernard. She found him under a piece of the wing, bleeding severely.

# The Avenger:

"Bernard!" Betsy shrieked dropping the Sig and running to his side.  
"Bernard, come on, stay with me. You'll be alright!"

"Wh-What happened?" Bernard croaked.

"Never-mind that, stay here, and don't you even think about closing your eyes."

Bernard opened his mouth to speak, but instead gave a weak nod, with one last look at him, Betsy turned and ran towards the roller coaster. Ignoring the flatangos on the ground, she ran straight to her belongings.

She started rummaging through a box looking for her first aid kit. She went through almost the whole box before spotting a red box with the little white plus on it.

She pulled it out, and galloped back towards the crash site. She found Bernard laying eyes closed, but still awake.

"Don't close your eyes again," she told him as she patched up the deep gashes and cuts. "I'll be right back," she said.

She ran to the zoo and went to the petting zoo in the back. She went to the goats. "Can I borrow one of you?" She asked.

"I don't mind," one of the goats said looking up from the grass.

Betsy smiled, "Follow me then." They ran back to the crash site, and Betsy introduced Bernard to the goat whose name was Norman.

"Bernard, Norman is going to watch over you while I go back to the flatango's kingdom."

Fear filled Bernard's eyes, "Betsy you can't do this alone," he croaked.

Betsy nodded, "Yes I can, I did it before."

"Don't do it," Bernard pleaded.

"I have to. They are not going to get away with this."

"No! your going to need help."

"No! I want to do this on my own. I'll see you soon"

She turned and ran back to the roller coaster to grab her bag, she then walked out of the amusement park, and down the dirt road.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Here he comes my lord," Mr. Hawk, the general of the Defense army, said.

"Good, I take it that means they accomplished their task?" Mr. Pelican asked.

"I can't say anything for sure my lord, it looks like only Mr. Swan made it back." Mr. Hawk said puzzled

"Really?" Mr. Pelican said getting up and walking to the window. "Well isn't this a surprise."

Mr. Swan landed on the roof, and walked through a door into the throne room.

"I must say, I'm surprised as well as disappointed you are the only one returning." Mr. Pelican paused. "What happened?"

"My lord, they locked themselves in some un-penetrable room, and built some kind of fighter jet."

"And they killed everyone but you?"

"Yes, my lord, but you will be happy to know the jet is no more, and one of the cows might be to."

"Explain," He said in a low voice.

"I threw a chain-saw into the engine, and the plane crashed to the ground." Mr. Swan explained.

"And why might only one cow be gone?"

"After the crash I fled away, but I saw the cow by the name of Betsy firing with that gun of hers."

Mr. Pelican gave a long sigh then glared at Mr. Swan, "You idiot."

"My lord?" Mr. Swan questioned.

"Now she is going to be coming for us."

"Why?"

"She will want revenge!" He yelled walking back to his seat and sitting down. "Mr. Hawk."

"Yes, my lord?"

"Get your army together, I do not want this cow getting into the city."

"She wont, my lord."

"Good, get out."

Mr. Hawk and Mr. Swan bowed and left the room together. They closed the doors behind them.

"I don't get it, what was I supposed to do?" Mr. Swan questioned.

"I have no idea, I would have done the same thing." He sighed and stopped walking. "Listen, I could use your help with this."

"Of course."

"Good, follow me." Mr. Hawk said leading Mr. Swan to his office.

\*\*\*\*\*

The sun was almost down, so Betsy decided to stop, she had no light or fire yet, and all she had to eat was some berries she found on a nearby bush.

She had stopped in the middle of a small clearing with trees all around her. She laid down in the grass, the berries in her hand, and finished them quickly, then drifted off to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning, Betsy made her way back out of the clearing and on to the trail. She continued walking down the path towards the kingdom of the flatangos.

\*\*\*\*

Mr. Swan and Mr. Hawk's day was filled with finding soldiers capable to go to battle, and finding equipment for them.

The equipment was getting harder and harder to find, as they had so many soldiers. Finally, they decided to post signs around the city saying they did not need any more volunteers.

Mr. Hawk took the men to the woods, and they started shooting practice, while Mr. Swan wrote up battle plans for the army. The day started coming to an end, and both Mr. Swan and Mr. Hawk retired to their quarters.

\*\*\*\*

Betsy stopped just outside the city, in a small cluster of trees, hidden from the sentries view. She pulled open her bag, and pulled out her sleeping bag and a pillow along with a box of matches.

She piled some sticks and dead grass into a circle of rocks, then lit a few matches, and put them on top. The sticks and grass slowly caught flame, and she walked over to the nearby river. She filled her bucket and

returned to the fire to boil it.

Next she found a berry bush, and some good looking leaves, and chomped on them. When the water finished boiling, she let it cool, then sat and drank, before she decided to take her map out of her bag.

As she lifted the map, her eyes caught a glimpse of something shiny in the bottom. She reached in and picked it up.

She held it up to the light of the fire, she couldn't believe her eyes, it was an M16A4 rifle.

"Whoa," Betsy said aloud, turning the rifle over in her fingers. She saw a small scrap of paper attached to it. She read it aloud to herself, "If we get into trouble. Love Bernard."

Tears started to well up in her eyes as she thought of Bernard, back at the amusement park.

Before she started bawling, Betsy decided to put the fire out, and climb into her sleeping bag. Minutes later, she closed her eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betsy woke early and snacked on some berries. She packed her sleeping bag and pillow, then put her bag in a concealed spot on a tree.

She put her map in her pocket, her Sig in its holster, and slung the M16 around her shoulder. She stuffed bullets for the M16 and the Sig into her available pockets, and last she packed 8 charges of C-4, which she found in the very bottom of the bag.

She peeked through an opening towards the city. The sentries seemed bored, and weren't paying much attention. Nevertheless, Betsy decided to be extra cautious. She found a silencer tucked into a pocket of the bag, and screwed it onto the Sig, then turned, and walked through the trees and up a hill.

At the top of the hill, she reached the stone wall, now low enough for her to climb over. "They really should defend themselves better" she

thought. She climbed over the wall, and knelt down behind some boxes.

She aimed the Sig, and fired three quick shots. All of the sentries fell to the ground. "To easy," she whispered, while reloading.

She turned to her left, and looked over the wall. She estimated twenty flatangos in one area, blocked off from the rest of the city. This would be a good place to start she decided.

She crawled down the long stone wall, and grabbed the sniper of one of the fallen flatangos. Then she returned to her original position.

She checked how many shots she had, and counted six. This could complicate things she thought.

Betsy hoisted the sniper up over the wall, and fired all six shots, dropping five flatangos. The rest went into mass panic as they saw the five fall, but could go nowhere. With her first shot, Betsy had shot a large cable, bringing at least fifty barrels down to block the large gate.

She smiled now, and looked below her, no one, and even better the rest of the city seemed to have no idea that anything was going on.

Betsy jumped over the ledge and walked along the wall until she got to the east side of the city. She now went forward, and stopped behind Mr. Peacock's supermarket. She pulled out one charge of the C-4 and placed it on the back of the store, she placed two more on the sides of the building, then retreated to the wall.

She pulled out a small button and pressed it, the building shot up into flames. "I think they know I'm here now," Betsy smiled. She took off down the wall, and kicked a table over that somebody had abandoned, it was missing a leg. She crouched down behind it then fired two shots into the air with her Sig, the silencer now off.

She watched as the flatango army that was flying towards the store changed direction and started coming towards her.

She swung the M16 around and started firing she watched as flatango after flatango fell to the ground.

Once they were about 100 yards away, the whole army dived towards the ground, and darted behind buildings. Only about forty of the flatangos were left now.

Betsy got down as bullets smashed into the thick wood table. She loaded another magazine into the M16, and fired three flatangos down.

More bullets hit the table, as she took out another six. Finally she decided to pull out her button, and blow up the charges she had laid earlier. She clicked and three more of her C-4 charges blew up taking out the last of the flatangos, and destroying the surrounding buildings.

"Good thing he put those in there," Betsy sighed wiping sweat from her forehead.

She spun away from the table, and ran towards the castle. She fired a few shots, cutting the cables, and dropping the bridge, she then walked in, and through a door.

She entered a vast hallway with dozens of doors along the walls, labeled for what they were. A long red ornate rug ran down the middle of the hall, leading up to a pure diamond spiraling staircase, illuminated by stained glass windows behind it. On the walls hung hundreds of masterpieces, and between each door there was a statue.

Betsy gasped as she took it all in. It was beautiful. She shook her head taking herself out of her trance, and galloped down the hallway and up the stairs. She walked slowly down this hallway, which was much the same as the one below, looking at the signs by each door.

Finally she came to two large wooden doors labeled "Throne Room." She took a deep breath, flung the M16 around into her hands, and kicked the doors open while letting bullets fly.

She heard a yell, and saw Mr. Swan dive behind the throne for cover.

It was a large room, with another rug leading to the throne, and more stained glass windows behind it. To each side of the rug were about two foot square stone blocks spaced four feet apart, each with a torch in

it.

Betsy took cover behind the first one on the left side, and peeked around the corner.

"Give it up cow, we have already proved you can't win." Mr. Swan yelled.

"Right, I forgot, I lost every time I faced you," Betsy yelled back sarcastically. She heard a snort from behind the throne.

"You think you actually won? Do I look dead to you, cow?"

Betsy considered his words. "I still won," She said, "And even if I didn't, I will now."

Mr. Swan laughed. "I'm sure you will."

He turned and fired, Betsy fired back. He stopped and dove to one of the torches on his side. Betsy scooted to the left hand side of her torch.

Mr. Swan fired more bullets then stopped. Betsy rolled to the next torch. Mr. Swan did the same, and started firing again. Betsy did as well, Mr. Swan hit the M16 and sent it flying into the wall.

"I told you I would win," said Mr. Swan.

"You haven't won yet," Betsy mumbled under her breath as she pulled her Sig from its holster.

Mr. Swan began another torrent of bullets, and this time Betsy hit him in the wing. He yelled out in pain as his gun slid into the wall. Betsy stood up and walked over towards him. She stopped at his feet.

"Told you I would win," she mocked.

Mr. Swans eyes lit up. "You haven't won yet," he smirked. He kicked up and sent Betsy stumbling backwards, and the Sig towards the AK-47.

He jumped up and ran towards Betsy. Recovering, she kicked her leg out and sent him into one of the torches. She ran towards him, and

was sent to the ground by a series of kicks.

She scrambled up and grabbed hold of her Sig. She turned and aimed.

"Don't move," she panted.

"Your to late," Mr. Swan sighed. "They're already gone."

"Lies," Betsy yelled.

"Did you think this was our only city? We have many more. They have left, you are to late."

There was a gunshot, and Mr. Swan fell for the last time. Betsy picked up her M16, and walked to Mr. Swan's office which she saw on her way to the Throne Room.

She searched the drawers, and found a large map with all of the cities marked on it. They had a total of eight left, and Betsy made a guess where they had gone to, the one closest to the amusement park.

Satisfied, she folded the map up and tucked it in with her other map. She planted her last two C-4 charges in the castle and walked out as she walked away from the kingdom and back towards the amusement park, she pressed the button for the last time, and tossed it to the side.

The castle burst into rubble, and crashed to the ground. Betsy slid her sunglasses on and headed back to the Amusement park.

\*\*\*\*\*

Two days later, Betsy walked through the gate to the amusement park, Bernard was not where she left him.

"That's a good sign," She smiled.

She went to the roller coaster to try and find him. She saw Norman.

"They came, some flatango named Mr. Hawk, they took Bernard, there was nothing I could do.



# Rescue Mission:

Betsy screamed in rage. "What did you do?" She yelled, with growing anger in each word.

Norman started backing up. "N-n-nothing, it wasn't me. It as Mr. Hawk. I-I h-h-had nothing to do with it." He stammered in fear.

Betsy started walking towards him. "You stupid, insignificant goat!" She screamed inches from his face.

Norman stared terrified at her.

Betsy turned away, "you come with me," she said, and started towards the roller coaster. She went up the walkway, and went to her supply closet, looking behind her every now and then to make sure Norman was following her.

She threw the small door open, and slid in. She first stocked up on more ammo and food, then grabbed some cash.

"W-what are we doing?" Norman gulped.

"I," Betsy said, calming down, "am going to save Bernard... again." She paused. "You, are going to come with me, and with any luck you will get shot in the crossfire." She sighed.

Norman stared at her, trying to figure out if she was telling the truth. Betsy caught his eye, and glared. "Come," she demanded. Slowly, Norman followed, as Betsy walked down off the roller coaster, and out of the amusement park, locking the large gate behind her.

She pulled out her map, and took off through the trees on a small path to the east.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Aww," Mr. Pelican sighed, sitting on his new throne. "What a nice throne. Why couldn't my old one have been this nice?"

Mr. Hawk smiled, "I have no idea sir."

"Now," Mr. Pelican said plopping a grape into his beak. "Where is that other leader, Mr. Swan?"

I was beginning to wonder the same thing my lord. I have not seen him arrive yet." He paused. "The last of the villagers are arriving though. With any luck, he took up the rear."

"Yes..." Mr. Pelican stopped, a grape halfway to his beak. "Well the cow probably found one of our maps in the castle, telling her where all of our cities are. I want you getting your men together."

"Yes, my lord."

"And this time general, I want them trained right."

"Of course my lord."

"Away with you then."

Mr. Hawk bowed and started towards the door, just as a messenger flew in the open window.

"My lord, my lord!" He yelled. "Mr. Swan has fallen, the cow killed him, and destroyed the castle!"

Mr. Hawk turned around, shock on his face. "Did the cow take anything?"

The Messenger turned to look at him, "I don't know, I didn't see."

"Mr. Hawk," Mr. Pelican interrupted.

Mr. Hawk turned, fighting back tears.

"Yes, my lord?"

"Did Mr. Swan's regiment capture the cow?"

"Yes, they did," Mr. Hawk nodded.

"Very good, bring him to me."

"Yes. my lord." Mr. Hawk slowly turned and walked out of the room.

\*\*\*\*\*

It had been a long journey so far for Betsy. Norman never stopped talking, she felt like she had learned everything about his life.

Finally, they stopped about a quarter of the way to the kingdom, Betsy guessed. She ordered Norman to go looking for water and food, while she set up some sleeping bags, and got a fire started.

She rolled her eyes, when Norman started skipping into the woods. She grabbed her flint and knife, and started striking them together, the kindling caught fire and she started adding little sticks.

She pulled out her map, and leaned back on a fallen tree. She stared at the map for a long time before Norman started skipping back into the camp, spilling water everywhere. It was just her luck that he happened to put the fire out.

"Oh, sorry," He said, then moved on like nothing had happened.

Betsy glared at him. "No, not a problem, I'll just make it again..." She mumbled. Pushing herself up and walking to a new area to make another.

She got another fire going, and Norman started walking over to put the bucket of water over the fire.

"Stop!" Betsy yelled. "I'll do it," she walked over, and took the bucket from Norman, hanging it herself.

Norman smiled, and started whistling, in between bites of his berry.

"Boy I hope they shoot him," Betsy thought. They quickly ate, and drank, then laid down for bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bernard laid on the cold stone floor of the dungeon cell, bruises and cuts on almost all of his body. "Why is it always me?" He asked out loud. His leg had healed up pretty well from the plane crash, but the group of flatangos had treated him rather badly.

The most amazing part to him was that Norman didn't even try to save him, or help out. Now, he sat in his cell in the dark unable to see anything.

He heard a clattering sound at the door, and light rushed in. He closed his eyes, and shielded his face. His cell slid open.

"Great," he sighed.

"Come on, time to pay cow." Mr. Hawk said grabbing a chain, and yanking Bernard. Bernard groaned, as he followed Mr. Hawk out the door, up the stairs, and down the hall, to the throne room.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betsy awoke in the middle of the night to the screams of Norman, running in circles, yelling "Fire!"

She looked up and saw the fire about five inches out away from the pit, and growing fast.

She jumped up, and threw the two buckets of water on it. The fire went out, and smoke started rising.

"What in the world did you do?" She demanded.

"Well.. I guess I roll when I sleep... My sleeping bag got all hot, and..."

Betsy held up her hand. "Where's the sleeping bag?" She said obviously annoyed. Her eyes closed.

"Well... I think it is kind of all over the camp..."

Betsy put her head in her hands. "Well it looks like your going to

have to sleep on the ground then." She said sliding back into her sleeping bag, ready for whatever might happen next.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betsy woke, cleaned up camp, and told Norman to scout ahead of her today, but to stay within sight. "Hopefully a flatango will come," she mumbled.

She wasn't surprised that Norman didn't ask any questions. Instead he just skipped and whistled ahead of her. She shook her head, and trudged off after him.

\*\*\*\*

Bernard was back in his cell, with more cuts and bruises, and he thought maybe a broken bone or two.

Mr. Hawk and his friends evidently were mad at him because of what had happened to Mr. Swan. He had tried to tell them it wasn't his fault, and that he had nothing to do with his death, but they still beat him up.

Now he was back, in the corner of his cell, moaning in pain. Waiting for his friend to hopefully come save him.

\*\*\*\*

Betsy and Norman were about three quarters of the way there now. Norman was still being the same old weird goat that he was.

They came to a clearing, and stopped for the night. They got some food, and some drinks, then laid down for bed. Betsy made sure Norman was away from the fire this time, then closed her eyes, and drifted off to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betsy awoke the next morning, and strapped her holster on, while swinging her M16 around her shoulder.

She sent Norman to scout ahead again, telling him to stop when the city came into view. He took off ahead of her, and she chased after him a few minutes later.

About an hour later, she saw Norman stop, and pulled out her Sig, ready for anything.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Hawk was headed up to the throne room. His men had just notified him that the cow, and Norman were just outside of the city. He swung the doors open, and walked in.

"My lord, they have just arrived outside of the city," Mr. Hawk reported.

"Excellent, assemble your men. She does not leave here alive."

"She wont," Me Hawk grinned, then looked towards the messenger. "Please ring the bell."

The messenger nodded, and flew out the window.

Mr. Hawk turned and left the room to make his way towards the main plaza to meet his men.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betsy pulled out her binoculars, and looked in on the city. The flatangos were moving around normally, until a bell rung. They all started running towards the center of the city.

"Great," she sighed. "They know we're here," she said.

Norman just whistled and skipped around.

Betsy shook her head, and put the binoculars back in her backpack,

then hoisted the bag up on a tree.

She motioned to Norman to follow her, took out her Sig, and walked into the city.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Shoot to kill, I don't want this cow getting anything done here." Mr. Hawk ordered. "Now pull out your guns, and let's take her out!"

A roar went through the crowd, and they flipped their AK-47's off their legs, then moved out in groups.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betsy walked behind a building, and reached into her pack. She pulled out a C-4 charge, and strapped it to the building. She backed up, and clicked the button. The whole back side of the building crumbled to the ground.

She walked into the building, and went out the front firing her M16 into the air. Five flatangos fell, and she kept walking. Right towards the castle.

The flatangos were now all over by the explosion. All except for Mr. Hawk, who stood looking at Betsy as she approached.

"You aren't going to get away with what you did, you know that." He screamed, flipping his AK-47 over his shoulder.

Betsy stared at him. "I might get away with what I'm about to do," she muttered.

Rage filled Mr. Hawks eyes. The AK-47 flipped into his hands. He fired directly at Betsy.

Betsy dove aside, behind a building. To late though, she was hit, and bleeding badly. Mr. Hawk started descending from the steps.

"You think you can kill my friend and get away with it?" He yelled.

Betsy started ripping a piece of her clothing off, and tried to tie it around her arm. She almost had it when a flatango came around the corner. He raised his AK-47 and there was a shot. The flatango fell.

"Thought you could use a little help," Norman said, running to her side, and helping her tie the bandage.

"Thanks," Betsy said. "Mr. Hawk is on his way. You better go."

"I'm not going anywhere,"

"Aww, how dramatic," Mr. Hawk mocked, staring directly at Norman who was still hunched over Betsy.

Norman met his gaze. Mr. Hawk nodded, and Norman grabbed Betsy's Sig. "Sorry cow,"

"What?!" Betsy yelled, "Your with them?"

"Yeah, you see, when that plane of yours crashed, Mr. Swan gave me an irresistible offer."

Betsy couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"Any last words?" Norman asked.

"I trusted you!" Betsy cried.

"You shouldn't have," Norman laughed.

Gunshots started firing, Norman fell, and Mr. Hawk ran for cover.

"Come on!" Bernard yelled.

Betsy's eyes were filled with joy. She wiped away her tears, and scrambled over behind the building, her bullet wound forgotten.

"How did you get out?"

"Some sheep named Carl came, he said he would meet us outside the city," Bernard explained. "Come on, follow me," He commanded,

while rolling a grenade to Mr. Hawks hiding position.

They ran through the streets, Bernard shooting every flatango in sight. They ran out of the city, into the forest, and to a small clearing. They stopped.

"Hello, my name is Carl," A sheep said, holding out his hand to Betsy.

# Blood and Feathers:

Tentatively, Betsy shook Carl's hoof. "Betsy," she replied.

Carl nodded, "Yes, I know who you are."

"Yeah, right, whatever... Now would somebody tell me what happened?" Betsy asked.

"Well I was in my cell when he came in and somehow unlocked the thing. I don't even know how he got in to be honest... He said to me "Hurry, your friend is in trouble, when you finish, meet me in the forest," then he vanished before I could say anything."

"Assuming he meant you, I ran out, and fought one of the guards, I took the AK-47, and well, you know the rest." Bernard shrugged.

There was about a minute of silence before Betsy turned to Carl. "Who or what are you?" She asked.

Carl smiled, "I can not tell you that child. What I can give you, is a warning. The race you seek to destroy is very dangerous. Stop now, or it will almost certainly end in the death of you, and the friends you make along the journey."

"I'm not going to let them be. They have tried to kill me repeatedly!" Betsy scowled. "I have given Bernard the choice to leave, he too, wants to see them defeated."

"I was afraid you would say something like that." He laughed. "So I offer you a companion," he whistled, and out of the trees bounded a dog. A black and white Springer Spaniel, with the tags on its collar clinging with each step.

Carl grinned, "she can not talk like you and I, but you should find she is a great companion. Very loyal, and obedient, and quite fun to play with as well."

"What's her name?" Betsy asked bending down and stroking the dog on the back.

"She hasn't one, that is for you to decide."

Betsy smiled, her eyes lighting up. "Chloe," she said.

Carl grinned again. "Chloe it is," he said.

"Thank you so much!" Betsy said. She turned to Bernard. "Come on, pet her." Reluctantly, he went over and started petting her.

"I hope she can help," Carl said, "If you ever get into trouble, remember her. I am positive she can help." He winked at Chloe. She let out a bark, obviously happy, her tail whacking the ground. "Goodbye my friends, be careful," Carl said, and turned and walked into the trees.

"Wait!" Betsy ran after him, but he had vanished. The dog barked at her as if questioning why she had left her. Betsy turned and walked back. "That was weird," she said.

"Tell me about it, who does he think he is?" Bernard sighed.

Betsy shook her head, "I wonder if the dog is trained..."

"Well try it out."

Betsy walked a little ways away and said, "Come."

Chloe bounced up, and darted over to her. "Sit," Betsy commanded. Chloe complied.

"Sweet!" yelled Bernard.

Betsy smiled and pet her some more. "Come on," she said, "lets get some sleep." They all lied down, and drifted away into the dark.

\*\*\*\*\*

They awoke the next day to find their bags, along with another next to them. Betsy opened the other one, and found toys, treats, a brush, and

a leash for Chloe.

"Seriously, who is this sheep?" Bernard asked, looking over his shoulder as he packed his sleeping bag.

"I have no idea," Betsy replied. "Come on, lets get back to the amusement park. Chloe could use some water, and I'm a little homesick..."

"Agreed," Bernard nodded, slinging his pack over his shoulder, they took off towards the amusement park.

\*\*\*\*\*

About three hours later, they made it to the amusement park. They stopped by the lake and watched as Chloe ran towards the water, and started slurping it up.

"Come on Chloe," Betsy said a few minutes later.

She looked up, then back at the water, then back again at Betsy, she let out a single bark.

Betsy smiled, "Yes, come on girl."

With one last look at the water, she ran back to Betsy and Bernard, and they entered the park.

"Home sweet home!" Bernard yelped.

"I'll meet you at the roller coaster in an hour or so."

"Sweet! Thats enough time for two movies! Come on Chloe!" He took off towards the theater, Chloe right behind him.

"He really is obsessed," Betsy concluded. She repositioned her bag, and took off towards the roller coaster.

She walked up the steps, and went to her small bed, she had put in the corner.

"Hello there," A voice said from behind her. She froze and turned around. Sitting in the second car of the roller coaster was Mr. Hawk.

"You know, you did not make me happy, killing my friend, my little helper, and always managing to escape..."

He got out of the car, examining the pistol he had in his hand. "So it is with great pleasure that I will take you, though I must admit, I did think this would be a bit more of a challenge."

He walked towards her. Betsy dropped her bag. Both of her guns were in her bag, and he had two, even if she could somehow get the pistol, he would have the AK-47.

"Scared are we?"

"Not entirely," Betsy breathed.

"We can change that," He snarled, taking a large step, and pressing the pistol against her head.

Betsy kicked up. Mr. Hawk was thrown off balance, she kicked his knee, and he buckled to the ground.

She slammed her foot against his hand, and knocked the pistol free. She snatched it from the ground, and put it against his head.

"Scared are we?" She asked, her mouth next to his ear.

Mr. Hawk laughed. "Not entirely," he responded.

"You should be," Betsy pulled the trigger.

Nothing. Mr. Hawk grabbed the pistol, threw it at her head, making a big gash, then kicked her to the ground, leaving her hunched against the wall.

"Should I?" He mocked. "I don't take any chances with you cow." He threw some handcuffs at her feet. "Cuff yourself," he said, flipping the AK-47 into his hands. "Now." He yelled

Betsy grabbed the cuffs, and cuffed her hands behind her back.

"Now what?" She said through gritted teeth.

Mr. Hawk smiled, " Now we walk." He motioned towards the stairs.

Betsy walked down, Mr. Hawk behind her. 'Come out Bernard,' she pleaded in her mind. They walked out the gate, and to the northeast on a road.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bernard and Chloe finished their movies, both enjoying them. They took their glasses off, and turned off the projection.

"Come on girl, lets go make some plans," Bernard said.

Chloe barked, and they headed out and up to the roller coaster.

They walked up the stairs together, and found nothing.

"Betsy?" Bernard called. No answer. "Betsy!" He called again louder. No answer. "Betsy!" He yelled as loud as he could.

Then he saw Chloe, her head to the ground, "What is it?" He asked walking over.

On the ground, scattered, he saw the sticky, glimmering, red of blood, along with pink feathers. Bernard realized what had happened, and yelled out in rage.

# Captive:

It took him a minute him a minute, but soon, Bernard wiped the tears from his eyes. He went over to Betsy's pack, opened it, and grabbed the Sig.

He made sure he had enough ammo, then slung the holster over his shoulder. He zipped the bag up, and flicked it onto his back.

"Alright girl, where did they go?" He asked Chloe.

She barked twice, and took off down the roller coaster, her nose gliding along over the ground.

"There we go," Bernard said taking off after her, she lead him out of the park and to the northeast on a dirt road. They continued on their way for the rest of the day before setting down just off the road for the night.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Hawk walked behind Betsy, his pistol pointed at her the whole way. About noon, a small group of flatangos met them on the road.

"What took you so long?" Mr. Hawk demanded.

"Well sorry... we had to wait for the stupid messenger to give us the signal," One of the flatangos said.

Mr. Hawk glared at him for a second. "Mr. Sparrow," he turned and looked at another one of them. "Be careful with this one, she is trouble..."

"Don't worry, she isn't getting anywhere," Mr. Sparrow smirked.

"I'm serious, don't underestimate her,"

"Don't worry, sir,"

"Right... Keep close, I want to be back by night fall."

"You heard him," Mr. Sparrow yelled, turning to his men. They all

went and grabbed Betsy in any way possible, and took to the skies.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bernard hung the supplies up and laid his sleeping bag as well as Chloe's small bed, out. He lit a fire, and roasted some marshmallows from his pack.

He gave Chloe some food, and water. "You did good today girl," He said patting her on the back.

She barked once, her tail whacking the floor, and her eyes lighting up.

Bernard laughed. "Alright, time for bed. We have a lot of work ahead of us."

She barked again, then walked into her bed, circled it a few times, then, laid down.

Bernard put the fire out, then climbed into his own bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betsy had fallen asleep while they were in the air; it was a lot more relaxing then she thought it would be. She woke up to find herself being thrown into a cell.

"Have fun, your scheduled for tomorrow, the whole city will be there," He laughed and left the cell.

"Oh, he better hurry up," Betsy scowled, slumping down in the corner.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Aww, welcome back Mr. Hawk!" Mr. Pelican said, as he entered the room. "I must say, I am surprised."

"And why is that?"

"Well I wasn't so sure you would be able to take care of her."

"Trust me sir, she was no trouble at all." Mr. Hawk said through gritted teeth.

"If you say so," Mr. Pelican surrendered.

Mr. Hawk tried to hide his anger, before he began again. "I want flyers everywhere. Everyone needs to be there tomorrow."

"Aw, yes, I agree. I'll get some people right on it," he said looking at the messenger.

"Yes, my lord," he said leaving the room.

"Good, is everything in place then?"

"Yes I believe so, in fact, I talked to Mr. Vulture today, he seemed rather excited."

"Good, I am going to go work on the plans for the final attack on the amusement park."

"Very well,"

"Good day then, my lord."

"To you as well Mr. Hawk."

Mr. Hawk bowed and left the room. He went down the hall three doors, and entered his quarters. He pulled out the map of the amusement park and started studying it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bernard and Chloe had lost the trail a while back, and were now just taking a random guess where to go. Looking through binoculars, it seemed they had picked a good place, there were flyers everywhere with Betsy's picture, and many more were being hung up each second.

He stuffed the binoculars back into his pack, and took the Sig out. "Looks like we've got the right place," he said smiling at Chloe. "Lets go."

"Drop the gun!" Mr. Vulture said, his AK-47 in hand, and a large axe slung on his back.

Bernard turned around, and dropped the gun out of fear. Standing in front of him was the scariest flatango he had ever seen. It was barely even pink. His feathers were either stained or dyed black; he had an eye patch, a bandana, and a silver tooth, with a wicked grin.

"Wait until he sees whats I got for him here," he said, "come on, in you go, and make sure that bloody dog follows you."

Bernard gulped. "Heel," he called, Chloe followed him.

"Good, now in you go," he said gesturing towards the gate.

Bernard obeyed. They walked through the gate and down the streets. All of the flatangos stopped and lined up on the streets cheering as they walked by.

They went into the castle, and towards the throne room. The doors were opened and they walked in.

"Ar, look what I came across, me lord!" Mr. Vulture screamed.

Mr. Pelican turned his head to look, "well my, my, my if it isn't her friend, and a dog... when did it join your group?"

Bernard didn't respond. He simply stared on.

Mr. Pelican jumped off his throne and speed walked straight up to Bernard's face. "Well then, aren't we excited to meet up again with our friend?" Bernard said nothing.

Mr. Pelican walked back to his throne and sat. "You will both join her tomorrow, I'm sure Mr. Vulture doesn't mind."

"Of course not me lord, the more the merrier."

Mr. Pelican smiled, "Guards, take him away, lock him up with his

friend."

They were dragged away. "Let Mr. Hawk know, I'm sure he will be very excited."

"Yes, my lord," the messenger left.

"Very good job, Mr. Vulture. I am looking forward to examining your work tomorrow."

"Aye, so am I,"

"Very well, get some rest,"

"Thanksh, me lord."

\*\*\*\*\*

Light poured into the cell as the door opened, "We have some friends for you," the prison guard moaned.

The gate opened and Chloe and Bernard entered. The guard left the room.

"What are you doing in here, you're supposed to be out there rescuing me!" Betsy screamed.

"I am rescuing you..." He replied.

"Well this is the greatest rescue I've ever seen," She yelled. "How are we getting out?"

"I'm working on that..."

"Great, you don't even have a plan, we are doomed! I'm dead! My life ruined!"

"Calm down, your not dead yet..." Bernard rolled his eyes.

"Don't tell me to calm down!" Betsy yelled, "I am calm!"

"Right," Bernard sighed. Chloe who was next to him now started

barking. "What is it?" Bernard asked, she scratched her collar.

"Here, lets take that off," he unclipped the collar, and set it on the ground. Chloe barked again, pushing the collar towards him with her nose.

"What?" Bernard demanded.

"She says we are going to die," Betsy told him from her corner.

"Ohh shut up," he said picking up the collar. He looked at it for a minute, "Whoa, what do these say?"

"What?" Betsy said walking over.

"The dog tags... 'To operate grenade, pull tag off, wait 5 seconds.'"

"Grenade?" Betsy questioned.

"Yeah... Hey, you remember when that old man Carl, told us to remember her if we ever got in trouble?" He asked pointing at Chloe. "Maybe this was what he was referring to...."

Betsy nodded, "it has to be."

Bernard nodded too.

"Well what are you waiting for? Use it."

"I don't think we should..."

"Are you crazy? Let me have it!"

Bernard held it away. "Think about it, if we do get out of here, we have no weapons, nothing. They will just put us right back in here, and we will be killed tomorrow anyway."

"I say," he paused, "we wait until tomorrow, at the execution, and use it in front of everyone there. It should send the crowd and everyone into panic mode, and cause a distraction large enough for us to get some weapons and make our escape."

Betsy sighed. "Fine...."

"Alright, well let's get some sleep then."

Betsy went back to her corner, and they all went to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

They awoke the next morning to the sounds of gunshots, blanks of course, in the cell. It was Mr. Hawk. "Come on friends, we have some fun things planned today." He smirked.

Betsy and Bernard got up, the door was unlocked, and they left, followed by Chloe. Mr. Hawk led them to the middle of the city, down a red carpet surrounded by the many screaming and seemingly drunk flatango citizens.

They were led to the middle, and told to sit in the two chairs provided. Chloe was tied up to a post nearby, which she did not like; she started barking like mad, and didn't stop until she heard a gunshot. "Shut up you bloody dog!" Mr. Vulture yelled.

Immediately she stopped barking, and laid down terrified. Mr. Hawk went and stood next to Mr. Pelican by a podium with a microphone. He shook Mr. Pelicans hand, and the day began.

"Thank you for coming to this event my citizens. Today we will witness the execution of these two." He pointed towards Betsy and Bernard. "They were the ones that brought the destruction of your previous two cities. They are also responsible for the death of many of your friends, and family, including a friend who was very close to me, Mr. Swan."

As he continued talking Betsy whispered to Bernard, "Do you have it?"

"Yes, of course I have it."

"Then use it already!"

"Not yet..." he said.

"So it is now, that I introduce to you my good friend, Mr. Vulture, who will be performing this deed today. My citizens, Mr. Vulture," He moved aside and Mr. Vulture took his place behind the podium.

"Who here wants some ground beef?" He yelled. The crowd roared back.

"When do you plan on doing this? Our time is running out." Betsy whispered loudly.

"Just chill, alright I know what I'm doing."

"You better hope so."

"But don't you think we should give them a chance to say their last words?" Mr. Vulture said. The crowd roared again. "Very well, Bernard,"

Bernard stood up, the collar palmed in his hand. Once behind the podium, he took the collar out and held it with both hooves. "I just want to say one thing," The crowd booed him loudly. "I don't have any intentions of dying here today!" He yelled as he pulled the tag from the collar and threw it near Mr. Pelican's feet.

Mr. Hawk pushed him out of the way while diving away himself. Bernard jumped out of the way. The collar exploded, a lot bigger than he expected. The podium was in flames. the crowd, crazy. Mr. Vulture screamed in rage as the handle of his beloved axe began to flicker with flames. Bernard jumped off the platform into the crowd. He punched a flatango, and took their AK-47. Betsy right next to him, already with an AK-47 of her own.

"Let's go!" She said, and whistled. Chloe bounded over to them, the pole which held her laid on the ground, contributing to the fire now. They took off, firing blindly, and jumping up and over the limp figures on the ground in front of them, and pushing through the clusters of fighting flatangos.

They ran out the gates of the city, and into the forest. They stopped

for a brief second as Bernard grabbed the Sig out of a nearby bush, and grabbed his bag from a top a tree.

"They didn't take anything?" Betsy asked.

"Nope, I threw the Sig in the bush so he couldn't find it, and in any case, he wasn't the smartest thing in the world."

"True," Betsy agreed.

Bernard smiled, and tossed the Sig to Betsy. She snatched it out of the air and smiled, cocking it. "To bad for that flatango, I'm keeping this one..." she said looking at the AK-47.

Bernard laughed, and they took off running, Chloe right behind them.

# Divided Hunt:

"Get down!" Bernard yelled, throwing Betsy to the ground. Chloe seemed to take that as a 'down' command, and laid down.

"No, come!" Bernard yelled over the sound of the bullets crashing through the trees and into the ground. Somehow, Chloe managed to get to them.

"What is going on?!" Betsy yelled over the blasts.

"I don't know, they must be following us. Where's the M16?"

"Uh, I think it's in my bag in the trees."

Bernard turned his head and muttered something unintelligible under his breath. "Hand me the AK-47." He demanded.

Betsy pulled it out and handed it to him. He pulled the magazine out and looked at how many bullets he had. He muttered again, then took aim. He fired the bullets watching a few of the birds fall, then turned, motioning to Betsy to follow him.

"Stay low, and out of the light." He said once they were back into the protection of the trees.

"Yes, I know, do you think I got stupid when I was captured?"

"No, I don't," He sighed, ducking under a branch.

"Then let me decide things on my own!"

"The last time I did that, I ended up having to risk my life to save you." He stopped walking and looked straight at her.

"Oh, and that was my fault?"

"Well it wouldn't have happened if..."

"If what?" Betsy cut in enraged.

The bullets started again, and some of the flatangos started flying through the trees, releasing waves of bullets as they did. Betsy pulled out her Sig, and fired three shots. Three of the birds fell. "See," she turned to glare at Bernard, who was nowhere to be seen.

Chloe stood at the edge of some trees staring into them. Betsy took off in the direction Chloe was staring, telling her to heel as she did so.

"Bernard!" She yelled. No answer, other than a flatango hopping into the middle of the path. She fired one bullet, then yelled again. "Bernard, come back!" she yelled. No answer.

She started hearing movement, and talking. She turned fired two shots, then reversed, and ran off the opposite way, grabbed her bag with the M16 in it, hanging from a nearby tree, and followed Bernard, Chloe right behind.

\*\*\*\*\*

After about an hour of searching through the forest, the flatangos all stopped and went back to the clearing where a camp had been set up.

The clearing had about two dozen tents strewn across the grounds, with two much larger than the rest. One of them, for communications, cameras, and all the technical and electronic work. The other, for Mr. Hawk.

Mr. Hawk walked out just then, having finished his examination of his tent. His first commander walked up to him.

"Sir, we lost them."

"What do you mean you lost them? Your supposed to be the best tracker we have! That is why I hired you Mr. Falcon!"

"Well, I am Sir, and I could find them, that isn't why I'm here though. We have reason to believe they split up."

"What is the reason?"

"Some of the men, including myself, heard the cow, Betsy, yell for the other."

"And what exactly did she yell?"

"His name, and come back."

"Well then yes, that would be a good reason to assume they split up," Mr. Hawk scowled at him. "Very well," he sighed, "send everyone after the other one. Me and you follow Betsy." He said, mocking the name.

"Are you sure Sir?"

"Yes I'm sure, don't ask me if I'm sure, just do what I say!" He snapped.

"Very well," Mr. Falcon left and started gathering the other flatangos. Mr. Hawk vanished into his tent, until the commands were given and a good majority of the flatangos were gone. Then he and Mr. Falcon took to their hunt.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bernard had taken off into the woods, tired of Betsy, tired of fighting.

He heard Betsy calling him, and knew she would be looking for him, and she had Chloe. So he climbed the tree, in an attempt to both slow them down, and hopefully make them lose his trail.

He got to the top, and started jumping, sliding, and swinging, from tree to tree, until finally, about an hour later, he decided to get down.

He twisted his ankle a bit on the drop down, but kept walking a few minutes, until he found a cave, cut into the side of a rocky mountain, with a small pond next to it.

'Perfect,' he thought, and made his way towards it, picking up fire wood as he went. He figured he was far enough away that he wouldn't

have to be too cautious.

He went into the cave, and slid his bag off his back. He grabbed the flint and knife he always kept in his small pack, and started working on the fire. He had no food, aside from a few packs of nuts. He pulled one out and started eating. He then retired to bed, the fire still lit.

\*\*\*\*\*

Betsy had followed Chloe until she suddenly stopped at a tree, started circling it, and barking.

"Shh," Betsy whispered, "we have to stay quiet girl."

She stopped barking and walking and just stared at the tree. Betsy looked at it for a second. "He must have known I would be following you," she said, then paused.

"Looks like I'm going to have to climb it then huh?" She looked at Chloe, "Ok, you follow me on the ground, and if I yell go, you get out of here, you understand?"

She gave a quiet bark, and Betsy started up the tree. She looked around and saw some branches from tree that looked like they had been recently broken. She started going through the branches, from tree to tree, looking down periodically to check if anyone was following Chloe.

She continued like this for about a half an hour before stopping. She saw Mr. Hawk, following Chloe. She pulled out her Sig.

"Drop it," A voice said from behind her.

'Not again,' she thought. She turned and handed the Sig to the flatango then yelled. "Go!"

Chloe took off into the woods and was gone in a second. Mr. Hawk started chasing but stopped at the edge of the trees and shrub that she had gone through. She wasn't worth it he decided.

Betsy flung herself at the flatango and managed to knock him out

of the tree, and send the AK-47 to the ground. Unfortunately, it didn't do much good. He started flying, and came up behind her, the Sig in his hand.

Betsy met him there, and thrust out towards the Sig. The flatango fired, but in the wrong direction, Betsy managed to move it a few inches at the last second.

She hit again, and knocked the Sig to the ground. The flatango kicked out, with his one leg, and Betsy slipped out of the tree. She managed to grab onto a branch on her way down, and pulled herself up on to it, only to find the flatango there waiting.

It kicked again, Betsy sidestepped grabbing his leg and pulling him towards her. He swung with the stump of his other leg, and sent her into the trunk of the tree.

The flatango landed on the tree, and grabbed Betsy by the throat.

"No more games, cow," it said.

Gasping for air, Betsy kicked up and sent him backwards struggling to keep his balance. She started towards him, and he kicked her off, taking to the air.

Betsy kept her feet on the branch, and now hung upside down in the open, straight ahead of her was Mr. Hawk, a huge, evil grin on his face, and his pistol aimed at her.

"I'm dead," Betsy moaned, just as Chloe jumped out of the bush, and tackled Mr. Hawk.

"That's my girl," Betsy said, grabbing a vine, and sliding to the ground. She grabbed the Sig, and shot straight up. The other flatango flew back into the trees, "Heel!" Betsy yelled, and started firing at Mr. Hawk.

Mr. Hawk flew up into the trees, with the other flatango. Betsy fired into the trees, as she, and Chloe, ran into the forest, and out of sight. She kept running until she ran into some tall mountains.

"Now what?" She sighed.

\*\*\*\*\*

"What are you doing? Go after her!" Mr. Hawk yelled.

"And what about you?"

"Don't worry about me, just kill the bloody cow!"

With a last look at his fallen comrade, Mr. Falcon dropped down, and grabbed his AK-47, then took off after the cow by sky.

Mr. Hawk had three bullet wounds, two in his wing, and one in his leg. They wouldn't stop bleeding, no matter how many leaves, and how much fabric he covered them with.

He grabbed his radio from his pocket, "This is Mr. Hawk," He breathed, "Get Mr. Quail to me, as soon as possible," He gasped for air.

"What happened Sir?"

"I've been hit, three shots..."

"He is on his way, try not to use too much energy."

"Will do," Mr. Hawk groaned. He laid back against the tree, and closed his eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Thats it cow!" Someone called out from the skies. "You can't keep running forever!"

"Running?" Betsy asked herself. She looked up to the skies to try and figure out who had said it, when bullets started pounding the ground in front of her. "Ok, yeah, running sounds good, come on Chloe!" She took off into the trees.

She walked into a bush and looked at Chloe, "stay here, and be

quiet." She ordered. Chloe shook her head in agreement. Betsy smiled, thinking of how intelligent the dog was, and how close the two had become. They had been together for very little time, and yet, to any outsider, they would think the two had been together for decades.

She took out her Sig, and inserted a new magazine. "Come on weakling! Come fight me!" Yelled the voice.

Betsy looked towards the skies again, and saw nothing. Then the flatango she had fought back in the trees earlier, emerged from the trees, into the small clearing she was in.

In a split second, she had the Sig up and aimed. She fired a single shot before the flatango had the chance to react. He hit the ground, Betsy walked over, gun out, ready for anything. She kicked the AK-47 out of his wings, and sent the weapon skidding into a tree. She stared at him a few seconds before asking, "What's your name?"

The flatango slowly opened his eyes, coughed up some blood, and glared, refusing to talk. Betsy stooped down and grabbed the radio off the birds belt.

"So what is that? Two in one day?" She said into the speaker, assuming she had hit Mr. Hawk, and that was the reason for his absence.

"Who is this?" Another voice asked.

"Ah, no one really, just the person who is about to eliminate your species." There was a moment of silence. "Scared are we?"

"What do you want, cow?" The voice snarled.

"It's really quite simple actually, revenge."

"Yes, well, good luck with that."

"Aww thanks, but I really don't think I need luck." She waited for a response but none came. "By the way, one of your men..." she looked down at the flatango expecting a name. The bird remained silent. She continued "is injured, I'd get your medical staff here pretty quick." She shot the Sig twice. "Just a suggestion." She threw the radio to the ground

and crushed it with a single stomp of he hoof.

"Good day, no name." She smiled, "Heel Chloe."

Chloe bounded out of a bush, and ran to follow Betsy. They started hiking the mountain, until they heard the familiar sound of gunshots in the distance. "Bernard?!" Betsy screamed immediately, and took off, back down the mountain, and towards the sounds which had stopped, too soon after they had started.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bernard sat in the cave, slumped up against a stalactite, watching the flames dance in front of him, casting flickering shadows on the reddish rock wall. He snickered when he saw what looked like a gun on the wall. Then a body started emerging next to the gun.

Slowly, he got up and crouched behind a boulder, and peeked around the corner as a flatango entered the circular room. The flatango looked around, gun at the ready, then, apparently satisfied, yelled over his shoulder.

"Doesn't look like anyone is here." He lowered the gun.

"Seriously? There is just a random fire?"

"Yeah, come look for yourself."

Bernard slammed a rock to the flatango's head. The bird hit the ground with a thump, and a clatter as the gun slid a little ways in between two rocks.

Bernard slid around the bird, and picked up the AK-47, then turned around as the other flatango spoke. "Uhh, what just happened in there?"

After a minute, and no reply he called, "Hello, Mr. Duck?" He emerged through the tunnel of the cave and dropped down off a ledge, and into the circular room.

"Drop it," Bernard said in as low a voice as he could manage.

The flatango set the gun down. "Are there others?" Bernard asked.

"Sorry?" The flatango muttered.

"Outside, are there others?" Bernard hissed.

"Y-yes," he stammered.

"How many?"

"About ten." The bird whispered, defeat in his voice.

"Thank you," Bernard said, and started walking towards the tunnel.

"W-wh-what are you going to do?"

"I intend to use your pathetic weapons." Bernard grunted hoisting himself up a small ledge. He grabbed a large stone.

"Your mean your just going to leave me here? Your not going to kill me?" The bird asked, a glimmer of hope in his voice.

"Do you want me to kill you?"

"N-n-no!" He stammered surprised.

"Didn't think so..." Bernard said. The bird ran to his friend, and turned his back. Bernard chucked the rock at the bird, and it crumpled to the ground.

"Now let's take care of some business." Bernard smirked. He started down the cave, and heard voices from out side. He sighed, and fired out into the open.

"Scatter!" He heard someone yell, then the beating of wings soon followed by the return of gunfire. He dove behind a rock, laughing.

"This is fun," He sighed.

The flatangos were hidden now. He had no way out, no safe way that was, so he stayed, hunkered down behind the rock, deciding to wait them out. He still watched to see if he might be able to gun a few down.

Eventually, about five minutes later, a small group of about four flatangos slowly walked in. He smiled, then started firing. One by one the birds fell.

He stood up carefully, went over to one, and swapped guns. Nervous that there might be more flatangos outside the cave, he remained hidden. Another ten minutes later, and he heard shooting outside as well as the familiar thumping as at least eight birds hit the ground. Seconds later there was a call. "Hello? Anyone here?" Yelled a familiar voice.

Bernard stood and walked out of the cave to find an old friend. "Leo?" He yelled out.

"Bernard, so there is someone here." The cow lowered his weapon, an M249 SAW.

"What brings you here?" Bernard asked.

"The blasted birds invaded our kingdom. The rest of the animals were taken hostage, but me, being owner of the weapons and all, I of course escaped. I've been on the run for a while now though, being chased by one of their commanders, a Mr. Cardinal."

"I heard gunfire, then not too soon after saw the beasts in the trees, and I just had to help whoever they were after."

"Well I can't thank you enough."

"That can wait, I expect those following me will be here soon, we better get moving."

"Right," Bernard replied, and they took off into the woods.

"So, did those guns come in handy for ya?" Leo asked, as he ducked under a tree branch.

"Great, the big one is at the amusement park, and my friend has the M16."

"Oh yeah? Where is she anyway?"

"I've no idea, we got split up."

"Have you tried to find her?" Leo asked, detecting a hint of annoyance in Bernard's voice.

"No, haven't thought of it."

"Aw, a fight, aye?"

"Yeah... I Guess..." Bernard said trying to end the conversation.

"Well it's time to get you two back together. Any idea where she went?"

"No, and to be honest, I really don't care."

Then the gunfire began to ring out through the skies. "Ya reckon that's her?"

Bernard, annoyed, muttered a curse under his breath, and kept walking through the green growth. "I'm going to the amusement park, where I can eat, and be free. You can join me, or you can go fight and risk your life, I don't care which."

"You do that," Leo said staring at him as he disappeared behind the bushes. He shook his head, and hoisted the M249, and took off back towards the cave.

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Betsy and Chloe walked into the clearing by the cave and stopped. Birds limp bodies were strewn across the moist dirt. Betsy looked around at the holes in the ground made by the bullets, then walked over to the cave and yelled in. "Bernard, are you here?" No answer.

She looked down, and saw hoof prints leading out of the cave. She started following them to find more hoof prints. Then a group of eight hooves started into the forest. She tried to follow them.

"Hooves up, cow." Then the clattering of guns being raised.

She raised her hooves, and turned around. Standing before her in a line of five, were the dreaded faces of the pink birds.

"Slowly, take the gun off, and slide it over."

Betsy did as she was told, and kicked the M16 to the flatangos. The one who had been doing all the talking nodded his head towards the gun. One of the flatangos stepped forward, and picked the gun up.

The leader threw handcuffs at Betsy. "Cuff yourself," He said.

Betsy picked them up and tightened them. Then offered them to the leader for approval. He nodded. "Now your going to turn around and follow the hoof prints. And keep that dog under control, or you will both be killed."

"Heel," Betsy snarled. Chloe fell into stride behind her as they started following the hoof prints. It wasn't far before the sound of a sniper rang out through the forest. One of the flatangos fell, and the leader gave hand signals telling the flatangos to split up. They all looked towards where the shot had came from.

A minute later, from a complete different spot, another shot rang out. Another of the flatangos fell, and they all turned and fired. Nothing.

Betsy leaned down to Chloe and whispered, "Any way of getting these off?" hoping for a miracle.

Chloe didn't respond. "Didn't think so," Betsy sighed. Then another shot sounded, the flatangos fired again towards the sound. Betsy jumped when the shot hit just in front of her, splitting the hand cuffs. She took off into the trees, then pulled the Sig out. "To bad they didn't take both guns, huh?" Betsy whispered.

Another shot sounded, taking out another flatango, and making just three left. The leader, and two others. Betsy started sneaking around to take them out, when machine gun fire came from the trees, and the last three flatangos crumpled to the ground.

Betsy let out a sigh of relief, then yelled out, "Ok Bernard, time to

come out."

"Not Bernard," Someone grunted, as he dropped out of a tree. "The names Leo," he said, and picked the M16 up from a fallen flatango, "The seller of this fine weapon if I may add."

"Really," replied Betsy, "and what brings you here?"

"Ran into Bernard, heard the shooting, and thought I could help."

"Wait, you saw Bernard? Where?"

"Here," Leo gestured around him. "He left, I don't know where he went, he said something about an amusement park."

"Well come on! We have to find him!"

"We will, I promise. But I have come to ask for your help."

"Help with what?"

"I lived on an island to the west of here. These ruddy birds came and took over. I managed to escape, but they took all of the other animals and have taken control of the island. I was wondering if I could get you, and Bernard, once we find him, to help me out, and get the island back."

"First, we find Bernard, then we can think about it."

"Very well,"

"Alright Chloe, find him." They took off following her.

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"What's going on?!" The flatangos communication officer screamed in rage. "Why can't we contact any of them?"

"I don't know," panicked one of the small birds as he frantically pressed buttons on the console in front of him.

"Come take a look at this sir." Another said.

The officer stomped through the tent to the desk of one of the workers. On the computer screen, the cow, Betsy was seen walking with another, a new one, smiling.

"Are you telling me they got away?"

"That would be my guess sir."

Without another word, the officer stormed out of the tent, and went 3 tents down, to Mr. Hawk, where he threw aside the door flaps without asking permission from the guards.

"The cow got away," He screamed.

"What?" Mr. Hawk yelled, equally as mad.

"They are getting further and further away, we haven't been able to contact anyone, our only guess is they killed them all off."

"What do you mean they?" Mr. Hawk asked trying to control his anger.

"The cow apparently has another companion." The officer sighed.

Mr. Hawk swung his legs over the bed, and went out. "Everyone grab a gun, and follow me!" He yelled out, inserting an AK-47 into his leg socket. The others came out of the various tents, mimicking him, then they all assembled in front of him.

"We are taking this cow out, once, and for all. Shoot to kill." He said, then turned, "Tell Mr. Cardinal what is going on," he ordered his communications officer, then they all took to the skies.

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Betsy and Leo had been traveling for a while now, pausing periodically to look at their map, and find out where they were. Chloe seemed to know where she was going, they were heading back towards the Amusement Park.

They weren't too far away now, and they kept following the dog, talking and making jokes all the way. This kept up for a few more minutes until they heard numerous branches snap, and leaves crunch.

Both her and Leo turned and looked at each other, alarm in their eyes, their hands going straight to their guns. They turned back, guns pointed at the many trees edging the small path. Eyes peeled, looking for any sign of movement. Each let a few shots fly into the trees thinking they had spotted something.

They stood, two minutes, until a massive swarm of pink, and AK-47's broke through the trees. Betsy and Leo dived to the side, rolling on their shoulders, and firing bullet after bullet, while taking cover behind the trees.

Leo pulled out a grenade and threw it to the center, where most of the flatangos now congregated. Within seconds, pink feathers were raining down upon them, soon to be turned to black, by the fire that started.

Betsy leaned around the tree and fired two shots, then turned back to find a knife at her throat. Mr. Hawk stood in front of her his eyes filled with rage. Instinctively, Betsy dropped the Sig.

Mr. Hawk laughed. Leo was too busy shooting the flatangos to notice anything. Chloe, started barking like mad. Mr. Hawk blindly fired in the direction of Chloe. She turned and ran to Leo, barking all the way.

"Finally," Mr. Hawk snarled, just before the bullets hit him.

Shock filled his eyes, as he crumpled to the ground. Betsy picked up the Sig, and fired two last shots at the bird. It took her a moment to realize that the shooting, and fighting had stopped. Leo was there, Chloe by his side.

"Let's go," he whispered, and arm around her shoulder, they walked the last two miles to the amusement park, where they saw Bernard, corkscrewing on the roller coaster.

# End of Book 1